

when we were ten his father shot and
killed himself with a bullet through
the head
but my friend and his mother went on
living in the house
and I used to see his mother going
up the hill to the market with her
shopping bag and I'd walk alongside
of her
quite conscious of her legs and her
hips and her behind
the way it all moved
and she always spoke nicely to me
and her son and I went to church and
confession together
and the priest lived in a place
behind the church
and a fat kind lady was always there
with him
when we went to visit
and it always seemed warm and
sunny
1930
I didn't even know exactly
that there was a worldwide
depression
and madness and sorrow were
almost everywhere.

CHILLED

we went to see a play at a small playhouse and it
was so bad we slipped out at the first intermission
feeling we needed a drink to get us back to our
blue and yellow walls
we went to the first bar east
sat down and here was a woman gyrating on a tiny
stage
roaring and ripping and twisting her pelvis and her
pulp and her ganglia and her hips and her vagina and
her bungy
ow
the red wine was served chilled
there was a fat man and a thin man and a medium
man watching and we were watching and there were
3 girls working
no band
the music came over the intercom and I feared the
urinal

then the girl on stage got down and one of the waitresses got up there and she started ripping her rump
tearing at her turnips
mascara eyes sinking deeply into her skull
and the girl who had just been up there
she came by and served us 2 more glasses of chilled red wine
I tipped her smartly and the fat man and the thin man and the medium man watched girl #2 much in the manner of men working crossword puzzles
when girl #3 got up
girl #2 served us 2 more glasses of chilled red wine for which I tipped her not so smartly
girl #3 which was waitress #1 seemed the least intense of them all
she just stayed on her back and first lifted one leg
then let it down
then lifted the other one
she had on a belt
strips of cheesecloth which dangled front and back over a pair of panties with a pink heart sewn upon the left hand cheek
the music stopped and she got on down and we got on out
we walked back toward the car
"that was awful," she said to me
"yes, it was," I said, "but it was still better than that play."
we got back to the car
I had driven in
she drove us back.

THE INTERVIEW

he was one of America's finest writers
only now he was somewhere between 80 and 90 years old.
he had broken through very much morality which made it so much easier for all those who followed.

I wondered why he was appearing on a talk show.
after some congenial bantering
the host asked him what kind of toy he wanted most as a boy.
the writer got into toys and food
and his Brooklyn neighborhood.